She'd secretly always wanted to butt-out on it. Grinding the deadman into the mud with her stiletto heal was the next best thing, and really somewhat satisfying....

In reality there was no pathway, only a REVOLVING DOOR, passing the captive client back and worth within the system, like the pawn on a game board - every time he passed go, she billed for it - which was the WHOLE OBJECT of her GAME.

Did the client really benefit? Who knew? It was HUMAN TRAFFICKING, processing and reprocessing clients in virtual slavery, to charge them fees and - above all - sell them

ZONEOLITE

and

POEMFORTHEDAY....

The CLINICAL AND SOCIAL NEEDS of CLIENTS were DEALT WITH in Emile Durkheim House, Yucca Flats, Oakridge - Citizen Hearse's SWELL RESORTS.

Needs? They were DISAPPEARED.... They vanished into GROUND ZERO....

She said she was MAKING IT EASIER TO ACCESS SERVICES AT $CAMH. Johnny figured she must have published her cell number down at the Coffeeslime. Her cell phone, he meant....

Otherwise it was impossible to get into one of her MENTAL HELL CASINOS. Her standard line was "This CLIENT just doesn't SUIT our RACKET" - at toe felt-topped crap